

CLARKSVILLE CHRONICLE.

VOLUME 9.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1857.

NUMBER 2.

THE CHRONICLE.

Printed Weekly on a double-medium sheet every Friday morning, by

NEBLETT & GRANT,
Publishers and Proprietors.

TERMS OF THE PAPER,
\$2 Per annum, in advance.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
FOR ONE SQUARE OF TWELVE LINES OR LESS,
One insertion \$1.00 Two months \$4.50
Three insertions 1.50 Three months 5.00
Two insertions 2.00 Six months 9.00
One month 2.50 Twelve months 15.00

MISCELLANY.

From the New York Evening Post.
**LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF THREE
DESPERATE ROBBERS.**

Several months since, the Bank of New Brunswick was broken into and over seventy thousand dollars stolen from its vaults. The details of this audacious robbery have already been published; and after being tracked for a long time, and through many places, its perpetrators have at last been captured, and are now awaiting trial before the Court of Assizes in Nova Scotia. They are three in number, and their names are Phil Stanley, Jack Rand and Bell Smith.

These three men apparently are none of your small, vulgar rascals. They display the trophies of no less than sixteen memorable achievements, of which each of them boasts; and whether they exaggerate the importance and recklessness of these from a love of boasting, we will not stop to inquire.

The leader of this trio is Phil Stanley, alias Phil Sanford, who prides himself on being one of the most artful villains in Christendom. He was born in England, and is over thirty-two years old. His manner is affable and quiet; yet he is the very devil in hardihood and gifted with almost unparalleled finesse. He has the eye of a lynx, the subtlety of a cat, the quick decision of a consummate general, and a force of execution which sets all obstacles at defiance.

He first became known on this continent in the city of Buffalo, where in a single night he committed three burglaries. He was arrested for the crime, tried, convicted and sentenced to nine years and nine months imprisonment. Unfortunately, his sentence was soon after commuted, and, true to his instincts, he hastened to deserve another.

This fellow is aristocratic in his trade. He entertains a hearty contempt for small rascalities, and aspires to great projects and achievements. Scarcely had he got out of prison, when he planned a grand enterprise against the Milton Bank, of Dorchester; and one fine morning that institution missed \$32,000. Having succeeded in this great project, he carried on his operations in Albany, Rochester, Buffalo and Springfield; sometimes alone, sometimes with his associates. But in Buffalo the bird was caged the second time; the Grand Jury found a true bill of indictment, and he was sentenced to the Auburn State Prison for another period of nine years and nine months.

In the mean time Phil had married the widow of a Jew, who kept an obscure hotel in the city of Albany. When he found himself a second time under the restraint of iron bars and heavy locks, he set his genius to work to devise the means of recovering his liberty. He drew up a petition to the Governor of the State for his pardon, signed by all the employees of the prison, and having counterfeited the signature of the Judge, sent it to Governor Seymour. His excellency was engaged by the trick; he promptly sent an order for his release, and in a few days Phil found himself outside the prison walls.

The fraud was afterwards discovered, and officers were dispatched to find the criminal, and after a long and fruitless search, they listened to the proposals of his wife, who agreed to discover his whereabouts upon certain conditions. The bargain being consummated, Phil got off with two years and six months confinement. This inadequate punishment only whetted his instincts, and gave him new faith in his lucky star; and he soon after robbed the Wingham County Bank of \$23,000. He next turned his thoughts upon Canada, and went to Montreal, where he committed many robberies with impunity—among others one of a thousand dollars from the office of the Grand Trunk Railroad. A police officer, getting a clue to his proceedings, tracked him to Buffalo, where he succeeded in capturing him. He was locked up for two or three months, and then let off for want of sufficient evidence.

After getting rid of this annoyance thus fortunately, he went to New York, where his wife was then living. Scarcely had he stepped out of the cars when this adorable creature demanded a fur mantle. Could he refuse such a request to a

oned arrow of justice, aimed at his devoted head? The thing was not to be thought of; though Phil had not the funds he assured he was not the man to spoil his dignity by pilfering so petty a thing. To relieve himself of the embarrassment, he signalled the night of his visit to the Metropolitan by breaking into a store and stealing a quantity of rich furs, which he thought could not fail of satisfying the most extravagant wishes of his beloved. But unfortunately for him, he had not obtained the article ready-made; he had only taken the raw materials; and though the skins were magnificent, his wife upbraided him in no gentle terms for this oversight. "They must do," said Phil; "they must be made up." They were accordingly sent to a furrier, where, as luck would have it, they were seen and recognized by the lawful owner, and Phil was arrested when he called for the article.

"So it has often happened," philosophically remarked poor Phil, on his way to the Tombs; "these cursed hangers of women have often ruined great men." But he did not content himself merely with giving utterance to the maxims of wisdom; but while on his way to that venerable penal institution he slipped from the officers, outstripped them in the race, escaped from the city, fled to Michigan, robbed the State Bank of \$11,000; went to Connecticut, plundered several jewelry stores in that State, robbed an Indian exchange agent of a considerable sum, plundered several of the principal shops, and joined Jack Rand and Bell Smith. The trio next attempted to rob an oil company. By means of false keys the rascals got into the company's safe, but to their chagrin found the coffers empty. For two or three nights they continued the experiment but still found no money. Enraged with his ill-success, Phil resolved not to have all this trouble for nothing. Having carefully examined the company's books and acquainted himself of their way of doing business, he forged their name and personating one of their employees, got it discounted and left the city. When the note became due, the unfortunate employee whose name he had assumed, was tried for forgery and sentenced to Sing Sing for five years.

Thence the confederates went to Quebec. Their exploits in that city having alarmed the people and waked up the vigilance of the officers, they left for Nova Scotia. A few weeks after their arrival there, the Bank robbery of \$75,000 was committed. In this stupendous affair, Phil employed all his devilish genius. His manner of proceeding is sometimes slow, but always sure. With a bit of wax he took an impression of the outside door lock, and from this model he constructed a key. Another night the robbers entered the building, and took impressions of the locks of the drawers and vaults, and made other keys as before; and were now sure of success. It is asserted that Phil has often devoted six months study to the plan of an enterprise, and when it promised largely, has not scrupled to spend \$2,000 in maturing it. He possesses great powers of strategy and invention. At Auburn he made a key for securing the grates, and gave it to the jailor, who sold the secret to a house in New York. They got it patented, and have realized large profits from its sale.

Ordinarily, Phil managed an affair and let his confederates execute it. But in Nova Scotia he departed from this prudent custom; and to this negligence he owes his detection. Jack Rand, one of his accomplices, was born in New Hampshire, where he exercised the trade of a locksmith. He began his career of crime with stealing \$500, for which he suffered two years' imprisonment. After the expiration of his term, he figured in the robbery of the Portsmouth Bank, and received \$70,000 as his share of the spoils. He sent a part of it to his father, who being found with some of it in his possession, was arrested for the crime. Jack, not altogether forgetful of the obligations of a son, confessed himself the guilty party to the police. He was imprisoned and his father set at liberty; but the rascal made his escape in four months. At Concord, he was arrested for larceny. He got out again; and in New Jersey, this modern Jack Shoppard committed a heavy wharf robbery. They caught and imprisoned him; and for the third time he broke jail. He was however, recaptured in Philadelphia, and sent back to New Jersey, where he was acquitted, in some unexplained manner.

Disgusted with the States, he went to Canada with Stanley, and the two traveled up and down the St. Lawrence. Steamboats, express, &c., were the theatre of their operations. One time they attempted to steal a box containing \$50,000 in gold dust, but failed. Phil was arrested for the attempt, but was discharged for want of competent evidence.

Smith, whom we regard as the servant, or rather the slave of the other two. He does the most dangerous and servile work, and receives the least pay.

A TRADE A FORTUNE.

BY A. SHANBAUGH.

If parents would consider the welfare and happiness of their children, they would choose the virtuous mechanic, farmer or honest trader, as companions and help-mates, instead of the rich, who, aside from their income, have no means of subsistence. How often does this question arise, and from religious parents, too, in choosing companions and suitors for their daughters.

"Is he rich?" If the daughter answers, "Yes, he is rich, he is a gent'leman, neat in his dress, and can live without work," the parents are pleased.

Not many years ago, a Polish lady, of plebeian birth, but of exceeding beauty and accomplishments, won the affections of a young nobleman, who, having her consent, solicited her from her father in marriage, and was refused. We may easily imagine the astonishment of the nobleman.

"Am I not," said he, "of sufficient rank to aspire to your daughter's hand?" "You are undoubtedly of the best blood of Poland."

"And my fortune and reputation, are they not?" "Your estate is magnificent, and your conduct is irreproachable."

"Then, having your daughter's consent, how should I expect a refusal?" "This, sir," the father replied, "is my only child, and her happiness is the chief concern of my life. All the possessions of fortune are precarious: what fortune gives, at her caprice, she takes away. I see no security for the independence and comfortable living of a wife but one; in a word, I am resolved that no one shall be the husband of my daughter who is not at the same time master of a trade."

The nobleman bowed, and retired silently. A year or two after, the father was sitting at the door, and saw approaching the house, wagons laden with baskets, and at the head of the cavalcade a person in the dress of a basket maker. And who do you suppose it was? The former suitor of his daughter—the nobleman had turned basket maker. He was now master of a trade, and brought the wares made by his own hands for inspection, and a certificate from his employer in testimony of his skill.

The condition being fulfilled, no further obstacle was opposed to the marriage. But the story is not yet done. The Revolution came—fortunes were plundered—and lords were scattered as chaff before the four winds of heaven. Kings became beggars—some of them teachers—and the noble Pole supported his wife, and her father in the infirmities of age, by his basket making industry.—*Religious Telescope.*

THE CURRENCY.—HON. JOHN BELL.—I am, the Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun and an uncompromising Democrat, says in his letter dated on the 30th ult:

"We have already heard the views and intentions of several distinguished and able members of Congress on the subject of the disorders of the currency and the cure for the same, and learn that it is their purpose to bring up the subject at an early day of the session. What remedy they will propose for these disorders, which carry ruin, periodically throughout the country, is not stated; but it is one that will go to the source of the evil, and restore the constitutional currency—such a currency as General Washington and all the fathers and founders of the government contemplated. The State banks of issue are clearly unconstitutional, and so the present Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States will decide when the question shall be distinctly made before them."

Senator Bell, of Tennessee, though superseded by the election of a successor, will not, it is said, comply with an invitation from the Legislature to resign his seat two years before the expiration of his term. His character and public services are so distinguished that it could neither be expected nor desired that he should voluntarily retire, nor even yield to an unreasonable and impertinent request from the present Legislature of his State.

An ill-humored wife, abusing her husband for his mercenary disposition, told him that if she was dead he would marry the devil's eldest daughter, if he could get anything by it.

"Very true," replied the husband, "but the worst of it is, I cannot marry two sisters, you see!"

TOWN TALK.—"Good morning, Jones. How does the world use you?" "It uses me up, thank you." Excuse.

SLANG.—Dry up, was an expressive phrase, but the boys in the streets have found a better one. Now they say, "sus-

EDWARD EVERETT ON AGRICULTURE.

Hon. Edward Everett delivered an Address before the New York State Agricultural Society, at Buffalo, on Friday, the 9th instant. It closes with the following eloquent and instructive paragraphs:

A greater than Burke, in this country, our own peerless Washington, with a burden of public care on his mind such as has seldom weighed upon any other person,—conscious, through a considerable part of his career, that the success not only of the American Revolution, but of the whole great experiment of republican government, was dependent in no small degree upon his course and conduct,—yet gave throughout his life, in time of peace, more of his time and attention, as he himself in one of his private letters informs us, to the superintendence of his agricultural operations, than to any other object. "It will not be doubted," says he, in his last annual message to Congress, (7th of December, 1796,) "that with reference either to individual or national welfare, agriculture is of primary importance. In proportion as nations advance in population and other circumstances of maturity, this truth becomes more apparent, and renders the cultivation of the soil more and more an object of public patronage. * * * Among the means which have been employed to this end, none have been attended with greater success than the establishment of boards, charged with collecting and diffusing information, and enabled, by premiums and small pecuniary aids, to encourage and assist a spirit of discovery and improvement." On the 10th of December, 1799, Washington addressed a long letter to the manager of his farms,—the last elaborate production of his pen,—transmitting a plan, drawn up on thirty written folio pages, containing directions for their cultivation for several years to come. In seven days from the date of this letter his own venerated form was "sown a natural body, to be raised a spiritual body."

Nearly all the successors of Washington in the Presidency of the United States, both the deceased and the living, passed, or are passing, their closing years in the dignified tranquility of rural pursuits.—One of the most distinguished of them, Mr. Jefferson, invented the hill side plow. Permit me also to dwell for a moment on the more recent example of the four great statesmen of the North, the West, and the South, whose names are the boast and ornament of the last generation, Adams, Calhoun, Clay and Webster, who forgot the colossal anxieties, the stern contentions, the herculean labors, and the thankless sacrifices of the public service, in the retirement of the country and the calm and healthful pursuits of agriculture.—One of these four great men it was not my fortune personally to behold in the enjoyment of these calm and national pleasures; but I well remember hearing him say, with a radiant countenance, that there was nothing in the triumphs or honors of public life so grateful to his feelings as his return to his home in Carolina, at the close of the session of Congress, when every individual on his plantation, not excepting the humblest, came out to bid him welcome and to receive the cordial pressure of his hand. "I was often the witness of the heartfelt satisfaction which Mr. Adams enjoyed on his ancestral acres, especially in contemplating the trees planted by himself, thousands of which are now scattered over the estate. While he ministered in this way to the gratification and service of other times, he felt that he was discharging no small portion of the debt which each generation owes to its successors." At Ashland, in 1829, I rode over his extensive farm, with the illustrious orator and statesman of the West; and as the "swinish multitude," attracted by the salt which he liberally scattered from his pocket, came running about us, in the beautiful woodland pasture, carpeted with that famous Kentucky blue grass, he good humoredly compared them to the office-seekers, who hurry to Washington at the commencement of an administration, attracted by the well flavored relish of a good salary. Mr. Webster, reposing on his farm at Marshfield, from the toils of the forum, and the conflicts of the Senate, resembled the mighty ocean which, after assaulting the cloudy battlements of the sky, with all the seething artillery of his furious billows, when the gentle southwest wind sing-truce to the elemental war, calls home his rolling mountains to their peaceful level, and mirrors the gracious heavens in his glassy bosom. * * *

One more suggestion, my friends, and I relieve your patience. As a work of art, I know few things more pleasing to the eye, or more capable of affording scope and gratification to a taste for the beautiful, than a well situated, well cultivated farm. The man of refinement will hang with never-wearied gaze on a landscape by Claude or Salvator; the price of a section

not purchase a few square feet of the canvass on which these great artists have depicted a rural scene. But nature has forms and proportions beyond the painter's skill; her divine pencil touches the landscape with living lights and shadows never mingled on his pallet. What is there on earth which can more entirely charm the eye, or gratify the taste, than a noble farm? It stands upon a southern slope, gradually rising with variegated ascent from the plain, sheltered from the north-western winds by woody heights, broken here and there with moss-covered boulders, which impart variety and strength to the outline. The native forest has been cleared from the greater part of the farm, but a suitable portion, carefully tended, remains in wood for economical purposes, and to give a picturesque effect to the landscape. The eye ranges three-fourths of the horizon over a fertile expanse,—bright with the cheerful waters of a rippling stream, a generous river, or gleaming lake,—dotted with hamlets, each with its modest spire,—and, if the farm lies in vicinity of the coast, a distant glimpse from the high grounds of the mysterious, everlasting sea, completes the prospect. It is situated off the high road, but near enough to the village to be accessible to the church, school house, the post office, the railroad, a sociable neighbor, or a traveling friend. It consists in due proportion of pasture and tillage, meadow and woodland, field and garden. A substantial dwelling, with everything for convenience and nothing for ambition, with the fitting appendages of stable and barn, and corn barn, and other farm buildings, not forgetting a spring-house with a living fountain of water,—occupies upon a gravelly knoll, a position well chosen to command the whole estate.

A few acres on the front, and on the sides of the dwelling, set apart to gratify the eye with the choicer forms of rural beauty, are adorned with a stately avenue, with noble solitary trees, with graceful clumps, shady walks, a velvet lawn, a brook murmuring over a pebbly bed, here and there a grand rock, whose cool shadow at sunset streams across the field; all displaying, in the real loveliness of nature, the original of those landscapes of which art in its perfection strives to give the counterfeit presentment. Animals of select breed, such as Paul Potter, and Morland, and Landseer, and Rosa Bonheur never painted, roam the pastures or fill the hurdles and the stalls; the plough walks in rustic majesty across the plain, and opens the genial bosom of the earth to the sun and air; nature's holy sacrament of seed-time is solemnized beneath the vaulted cathedral sky; silent dews, and gentle showers, and kindly sunshine, shed their sweet influence on the teeming soil; springing verdure clothes the plain; golden wavelets, driven by the west wind, run over the joyous wheat-field; the tall maize flaunts in her crispy leaves and nodding tassels—while we labor and while we rest, while we wake and while we sleep, God's chemistry, which we cannot see, goes on beneath the clouds; myriads and myriads of vital cells, ferment with elemental life; germ and stalk, and leaf and flower, and silk and tassel, and grain and fruit, grow up from the common earth; the mowing-machine and the reaper—mute rivals of human industry—perform their gladsome task; the well piled wagon brings home the ripened treasures of the year; the bow of promise fulfilled spans the foreground of the picture, and the gracious covenant is redeemed, that while the earth remaineth, summer and winter, and heat and cold, and day and night, and seed time and harvest shall not fail.

LITTLE THINGS.—Springs are little things; but they are sources of large streams. A helm is a little thing, but it governs the course of a ship. A bridle-bit is a little thing, but see its use and power. Nails and pegs are little things, but they hold large parts of large buildings together. A word, a look, a frown—all are little things, but powerful for good or evil. Think of this and mind the little things. Pay that little debt—it's promised, redeem it—if it's a shilling hand it over—you know not what important event hangs upon it. Keep your word—keep it to the children, they will mark it sooner than any one else, and the effect will probably be as lasting as life. Mind the little things.

A maiden lady, not remarkable for either youth, beauty, or good temper, came for advice to Mr. Arnold as to how she should get rid of a troublesome suitor. "Oh marry marry him," he advised. "No, I would see him hanged first." "No, madam marry him, as I said to you, and I'll assure you it will not be long before he will hang himself."

DOCTOR.—"Ah, Mr. Smith, I see you cough much easier this morning than you did yesterday." "That's no wonder, doctor, considering that I have been practicing."

STANZAS.

BY S. B. FRENCH.

Go look upon that infant form,
Pleas'd in its little shroud,
O'er which in agony of grief,
Its mother's head hath bowed.

Seest thou a gem upon its brow,
Resplendent, bright and clear?
No brilliant ever-shone more pure—
It is that mother's tear.

It glitters on that sinless face,
Where life no longer beams,
As on the rose-bud, snipped and dead,
The morning dew-drop gleams.

That pure soul hath winged its flight
To him by whom 'twas given,
And borne that mother's sacred tear,
Her passport into heaven.

Upon that angel infant still,
That crystal drop shall glow,
'Till, when that mother meets her babe,
She kiss it from his brow.

Of all the pearls of earth
There's none more bright, more clear,
More heavenly, or more sinless, than
A mother's holy tear!

LIFE.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

Between two breaths, what clouded mysteries lie,
The first short gasp, the last and long drawn sigh!
Like phantoms painted on the magic slide,
Forth from the darkness of the past we glide.
As living shadows for a moment seen
As airy pageant on the eternal screen,
Traced by a ray from one unchanging flame,
Then seek the dust and stillness, whence we came.

NOTHING TO WEAR.

"Nothing to wear?" Well, well, I suppose so.
Some ladies quite truly declare it.
For their habitual disease of clothes
Above the waist sufficiently shows.
That there, at least, as far as that goes,
They've "nothing to wear"—and they wear it!

STIRRING THE SOIL.

If I had "a call" to preach a sermon on gardening, I should take this for my text: *Stir the Soil.* It is not an uncommon thing for people to admit the fact that nothing was made in vain; but, nevertheless, they will put in for an exception or two. "I should like to know what weeds were made for?" What for? Why, to force you to keep hoeing and digging, in order to stir the soil, and make it light and mellow.

"But why?" Because the roots of plants must have air, and if the surface of the ground were never stirred—as for the most part it never would be by lazy people, but for the weeds that must be cut up—it would become so hard and close, in many cases, that fresh supplies of air would never get to the roots.

"But the grumbler will say, 'how do you get along with the fact that plants in a wild state grow and flourish, though the soil is not stirred?' But the cases are by no means the same. Wild plants grow from year to year in the same spot, and there is a yearly deposit of leaves, stalks, and vegetable matter upon the surface of the ground, which keeps it light and open so that the air can easily get to the roots. This is not at all the case in common soil, where the plants are sown and the surface is bare, so that 'it bakes and becomes hard' with the rain. On this account, the good gardener is always up and stirring his soil, and on this account all the little implements—plows, hoes, cultivators, and handpicks, are things not to be done without by the raiser of good crops. If you have any doubt remaining, try the experiment for yourself, the first spall of hot, dry weather. Take fifty hills of corn or a couple of beds of vegetables, and loosen up the soil about the roots very often, as often as it becomes a little hard. Directly along side, for the sake of fair play, leave as many hills or beds of the same crop, with little or no stirring. I won't waste room in saying what the result will be, but if it don't open your eyes to the importance of not putting your roots on a short allowance of air, then set me down for an unprofitable Old Digger.

"A woman's life was curiously preserved by her husband, in Staffordshire, lately, by the process of transfusion. She lay at the point of death, when, as a last resource, a vein was opened in her arm, and one in the arm of her husband, and as the blood flowed from the latter it was transmitted by suitable apparatus in the veins of the wife. After seventeen ounces had been injected, the pulse became perceptible, and the colorless lips reddened, the glassy eyes brightened, and she thankfully said, 'I am better.' The case has progressed very favorably, and the woman is recovering.

The following sentiment was given at a recent Railroad festival held in Cleveland, Ohio:

"Our Mothers—the only faithful tenders who never misplaced a switch."

"Our Mothers—the only faithful tenders who never misplaced a switch."

"Our Mothers—the only faithful tenders who never misplaced a switch."

"Our Mothers—the only faithful tenders who never misplaced a switch."

"Our Mothers—the only faithful tenders who never misplaced a switch."

"Our Mothers—the only faithful tenders who never misplaced a switch."

"Our Mothers—the only faithful tenders who never misplaced a switch."

"Our Mothers—the only faithful tenders who never misplaced a switch."

AN HONEST DEMOCRATIC CONFESSION.

Our views of the great impropriety, if not absolute illegality, of the election of Judge Nicholson as Senator from Tennessee at this time, are shared even by honest Democrats in general. The Washington correspondent of the Charleston Mercury writes:

"The election of Judge Nicholson as a Senator, is hailed with great rejoicing by his many friends in this city; while many others, members of the democratic party, denounce the act as premature and unseemly, especially in view of the fact that he himself once opposed the election of a Senator two years in advance of the occurrence of a vacancy."

ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—Despatches have been received from Captain Hudson, of the steam frigate Niagara. He states that he is busily engaged day and night, removing the telegraph cable from the ship. Six hundred miles had already been landed, and he hoped to have the whole on shore in ten days from date of his despatch. He has been informed by the Directors of the Telegraph Company that they are in treaty, and making arrangements to manufacture sufficient cable to increase its length to three thousand miles. The company's engineer is now engaged with a steamer in an attempt to recover that portion of the wire which had been run out previous to its parting at sea.

A STEAMBOAT NEWSPEAPER.—Among other innovations which the mammoth steamer Great Eastern is about to inaugurate, will be the publication of a daily paper on board for the benefit of the travelling public—the regular "public" of travellers whom she may be bearing across the ocean. But this startling feature is anticipated on the western waters of the New World, for the New Orleans and St. Louis packet steamer James E. Woodruff now sails equipped with the free and material for the publication of a regular daily paper on board during her trips up and down the river, with a job office attached for the printing of bills of fare and other work.

ARRIVAL OF THE STATUE.—The brig Walborg, Captain Lund, having on board Crawford's equestrian statue of Washington, has arrived at Richmond. Arrangements will speedily be made to convey the statue to the Capitol Square, where at some future day, this last and best work of the great artist will be placed on the beautiful monument which has been erected in honor of him who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."—*Richmond Enquirer.*

GOOD ADVICE.—We do not know of any admonition better for our readers at the present time than the subjoined:

"ADVERTISING.—Dull times are perhaps the very best for advertisers. What little trade is going on they get and whilst others are grumbling, they pay their way, and with the newspaper as a life preserver, swim on the top of the water, while others are sinking all around. Advertise liberally, and you will hardly smell the hard times."

TENDER CONSCIENCE.—It is said that at Sing Sing prison, New York, fish are served up on Friday, to satisfy the religious scruples of the Roman Catholic inmates. As their consciences are too sensitive to permit them to eat flesh on Friday, they must be accommodated with fish.

YOUNG LADY.—"Well, Adolphus, I suppose you find yourself as successful as ever with the fair sex?"

ADOLPHUS.—(Surveying her dimensions.) "Yes, but I find it takes me longer to get round them!"

A JESTER in the court of Francis I., complained that a great fool threatened to murder him. "If he does so," said the king, "I will hang him in five minutes after." "I wish your majesty would hang him five minutes before," said the jester.

Among the Bank suspensions in Philadelphia recently, was that of Eliza Banks, who suspended herself by the neck because of unrequited love. She was cut down and thus her life redeemed.

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—On Friday last, a woman in Corydon, Ind., was struck by lightning and instantly killed. At the same instant, just as the lightning flashed, her sister, who was lying on a sick bed, expired.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD.—Intelligence from New York states that arrangements have been made for a resumption of payment upon its coupons by the Illinois Central Railroad.

A CARELESS HEN.—"John, did you find any eggs in the old hen's nest, this morning?"—"No, sir. If the old hen laid any, she mislaid them."

"Times are improving and men are getting on their legs again," said a gentleman to his friend. "How so?" "Why, these who used to slide down the stairs."